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State of
Rhode Island.



Arbor Day.

Come happy children, come with me,
Heath blooming trees where little birds sing,
We'll stories find in each growing thing.
There's not a leaf, nor blossom fair,
But has some lesson hidden there
That is richly worth the knowing.



•••• May 14th, 1897.

ARBOR DAY!

1897.

To the Teachers and Pupils:

With each recurring observance of Arbor Day I am impressed with the necessity of a more intimate acquaintance with Nature, if we are to reap the benefit we ought from these occasions. With that end in view the programme for 1897 has been prepared.

"Nature Study" is one of the themes that is now engrossing our attention in the discharge of our regular school duties. Like any new branch of study, its pursuit is met by many difficulties; some of which grow out of our inability to harmoniously adjust the new features of the work to the old, and some out of failure to connect its various phases in a real way with the actual life of the home and school.

Following out the line of thought embodied in our programme for last year, is it not possible for us to make Arbor Day the connecting link between a broad, liberal study of Nature and our home and school life? I am quite sure that we are all agreed upon the desirability of beautifying our homes and our schools with flower and shrub and tree, and especially with those of each class which Nature herself furnishes, at first hand, free of cost. But to make a success of any efforts in this direction it is necessary to know a great many things about our friends, all of which can be learned by a little study. If then, we approach the study of trees with this spirit, I am confident we shall acquire a definite knowledge, which will not only serve some practical purpose, but may also minister to higher and nobler ends.

Such a close contact with Nature as this study will engender must reveal many of her choicest secrets; and flowers and trees, rocks and streams, birds and insects, all will become objects of appreciative interest.

You are, therefore, earnestly invited to enter heartily into the observance of Arbor Day this year with the thought that it is the open door into the treasure house of Dame Nature. In the particular programme which you may construct for yourselves feel at perfect liberty to follow out the leadings of your own tastes or of your surroundings. While a general outline is prepared for your guidance, and material is furnished for use on all of the lines there suggested, it is to be hoped that each school will feel the utmost freedom in shaping its programme to meet its own peculiar conditions.

While we thus centre our thought and effort upon this broad topic, I hope we shall not forget the primary object of the day, and fail to plant a tree. In some localities, possibly, this may be a feature to be omitted, but I am convinced that there are few school yards where trees may not be planted with advantage for many years to come. In this connection I wish to suggest that each schoolhouse in the State should have within its yard at least one representative of the maple,—the tree chosen by your vote as the State tree of Rhode Island.

STATE FLOWER.

Following out the idea of a "State tree," it has seemed worth while, in common with many of our sister states, to select a State flower. As a result of the preliminary voting among the schools, I am happy to say that returns were received from about 30,000 children, and the ten flowers receiving the highest number of votes were the following:

Arbutus,	Pansy,
Buttercup,	Pink,
Daisy,	Rose,
Golden-rod,	Violet.
Lily,	Water Lily.

In exercising the right of suffrage on this subject, I hope both teachers and pupils will coöperate in securing a truly honest and unbiased expression of opinion.

The ballots will be furnished in ample season for the election to be held, and the returns made, so that the result may be announced on Arbor Day. But in order to accomplish that end it will be necessary for each teacher to hold the election not later than May 7th, and then to forward the official returns at once to this office.

I desire to extend my thanks to those pupils who so courteously responded to my invitation a year ago, and gave me descriptions of the various celebrations in which they participated. I shall be very glad to be similarly favored this year.

Wishing you a bright and joyous day,

I am, sincerely yours,

THOMAS B. STOCKWELL,

Commissioner of Public Schools.

Providence, April 5th, 1897.

"Every spring the earth is new. There is a new majesty in the budding tree, a new freshness in each blade of growing grass, a new beauty in the flower, a new delicacy in the coloring of the tender buds, and in all the charming and subtle harmonies of color in the sky and tree and flower, all appealing to the eye or ear. And since Nature is never weary of beseeching us to look and listen and learn, and every spring vies with herself in endeavoring to disclose to our view new glories, though we pass them by unobserved, can there then be a limit to man's earnest effort in the cause of Arbor Day, or a point at which his pen should stop in devising means of making the day most interesting and most practically instructive?"—*J. F. Crooker.*



OUTLINE PROGRAMME.....

• •



SONG.

SCRIPTURE READING.

PRAAYER.

SONG.

SELECTIONS FOR RECITATION—INTRODUCTORY.

SONG.

ESSAYS. READINGS. RECITATIONS.

- a. Birds.
- b. Leaves.
- c. Waters.
- d. Wild Flowers.
- e. Growth of Flowers.
- f. Trees.

SONG.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF VOTE FOR STATE FLOWER.

SHORT ADDRESSES.

... Planting ...

SONG.

SCRIPTURE READING.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving ; sing praises upon the harp unto our God.
 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
 He sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills.
 He watereth the hills from his chambers, the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man : that he may bring forth food out of the earth.
 For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself ; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.
 Consider the lilies of the field how they grow ; they toil not : neither do they spin.
 And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.
 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness and thy paths drop fatness.
 The glory of the Lord shall endure forever. The Lord shall rejoice in his works.

SELECTIONS FOR RECITATION.

INTRODUCTORY.

Spring.

As little children gather 'round their mother,
 And beg her a familiar tale to tell ;—
 One that is dearer far than any other,
 Because so often heard and known so well ;—

 And as they watch her, prompting should she fater,
 And any variation quickly see,
 And cry, "Don't tell it so; don't change and alter,
 We want it just the way it used to be ;"

So do we come to thee, O Nature ! Mother !
 And never tire of listening to thy tales,
 Tell us thy spring-time story now, no other ;
 That hath a wondrous charm which never fails.

Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,
 Fill it with many a happy song and shout ;
 Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,
 Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.

Tell us each shade in all the trees' soft greening,
 Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren ;
 Each little thing has grown so full of meaning
 In the dear story we would hear again.

O Mother Nature ! thou art old and hoary,
 And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell ;
 But we, thy children, love the spring-time story,
 And think it best because we know it well.

— *Bessie Chandler.*

Breathings of Spring.

What wak'st thou, Spring? sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring! the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery
shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

"Now is the time to visit Nature in her grand attire."

Thoreau says of Spring,—"March fans it, April christens it, May puts on its jacket and trousers."

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their tall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And penciling the wood anemone;
Silent they seem; yet each to thoughtful eye
Glowes with mute poesy.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

—*Wordsworth.*

BIRDS.

Bird Voices.

The robin came from the thicket
With the living flame on his breast;
He sat on the tree just planted
And sang, "Here I'll build my nest!
For the happy children below me
Look up and laugh and shout,
To see the branches swaying
And the scented blossoms come out."

The bluejay flew from the cedar
When she heard the marching tread
Of the little folks on the green sward
With the clear sky overhead.
"What are those people doing?"
Said the tiny brown-gowned wren;
"And why do they drag the saplings
From the hillside and the glen?"

The Bluebirds.

A mist of green on the willows;
A flash of blue 'mid the rain;
And the brisk wind pipes,
And the brooklet stripes,
With silver, hill and plain.
Hark! the bluebirds, the bluebirds
Have come to us again!

The snowdrop peeps to the sunlight
Where last year's leaves have lain;
And a fluted song
Tells the heart, "Be strong;
The darkest days will wane.
And the bluebirds, the bluebirds
Will always come again!"

—*Sister E.*

"I know!" said the wee gray owllet,
As he peered from his hole in the oak;
And the white dove stopped her cooing
And thus to the birdies spoke:
"Man plants the trees for shelter
From rain and the blazing sun,
And sits 'neath the shade at evening,
When the hard day's work is done."

And the merry groups of children,
Toss back their curling hair,
And dance 'neath the soft green branches
For life is gay and fair.
Oh the birds, the bees, and leaflets,
The spring-time and the May!
The blossoms, the song, and sunshine,
That come with Arbor Day.

—*Minnie T. Hatch.*

Robin Redbreast.

Not less we love the simple note
That thrills the russet robin's throat,
Than if he soared, with golden wing,
High in the azure sky to sing.

He waits not for the summer shower
To make the woods a leafy bower,
But comes when orchard boughs are bare,
Presaging flowers and fruitage fair.

And thus should every human heart,
Tho' humble, ever do its part
To cheer the downcast, and to say
Bright flowers and fruit will come, some day.

—*Charlotte H.*

Bird Homes.

The skylark's nest among the grass
And waving corn is found ;
The robin's on a shady bank,
With oak leaves strewed around.

The martins builds their nests of clay,
In rows beneath the eaves ;
While silvery lichens, moss, and hair,
The chaffinch interweaves.

The sparrow has a nest of hay,
With feathers warmly lined ;
The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks
On lofty trees we find.

Rooks build together in a wood,
And often disagree :

The owl will build inside a barn
Or in a hollow tree.

The blackbird's nest of grass and mud,
In bush and bank is found ;

The lapwing's darkly spotted eggs
Are laid upon the ground.

Birds build their nests from year to year,
According to their kind,—
Some very neat and beautiful,
Some easily designed.

—*Selected.*

Warblers and Perchers.

A little brown bird sat on the twig of a tree
A swinging and singing as glad as could be,
And when he had finished his gay little song,
He flew down in the street and went hopping along.

A little boy said to him, " Little bird, stop !
And tell me the reason why you go with a hop ;
Why don't you walk as boys do, and men,
One foot at a time like a duck or a hen ? "

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop,
And he laughed and he laughed as he never would
stop.
And he said, " Little boy, there are some birds that
talk,
And some birds that hop, and some birds that walk,

" Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk ;
Every bird that can wade in the water can walk ;
Every bird that has claws to scratch with can walk ;
One foot at a time, that's the way that they walk.

" But most little birds who can sing you a song
Are so small that their legs are not very strong,
To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things.
That's why

They hop with both feet. They all know how to
fly."

—*The Kindergarten.*

Nesting Time.

Around the chimney swallows fly,
And wrens explore the barn and shed,
The orioles go flashing by
With bits of straw and cotton shred.

The sunlight glimmers through the trees,
And finds them busy everywhere,
The robins, jays, and chickadees,
And all the builders of the air.

—*F. H. Sweet.*

The Song of the Thrush.

" Ah, will you, will you," sings the thrush,
Deep in his shady cover,
" Ah, will you, will you live with me,
And be my friend and lover ? "

" With woodland scents and sounds all day,
And music we will fill you,
For concerts we will charge no fee,
Ah, will you—will you—will you ? "

Dear hidden bird, full oft I've heard
Your pleasant invitation ;
And searched for you amid your boughs
With fruitless observation.

Like all that is too sweet and fair,
I never may come near you.
Your songs fill all the summer air ;
I only sit and hear you.

—*C. P. Cranch.*

Three O'clock in the Morning.

What do the robins whisper about

From their homes in the elms and birches?
I've tried to study the riddle out,
But still in my mind is many a doubt,
In spite of deep researches.

While all the world is in silence deep,

In the twilight of early dawning,
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,
As if they were talking in their sleep.
At three o'clock in the morning,

Perhaps they tell secrets that should not be heard

By mortals listening and prying;

Perhaps we might learn from some whispered word
The best way to bring up a little bird,
Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest,

Hidden and leaf-enclosed;

For do not we often hear it confessed,
When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,
That a "little bird has told it?"

What do the robins whisper about

In the twilight of early dawning?

Listen, and tell me, if you find it out,

What 'tis the robins whisper about

At three o'clock in the morning?

—Selected.

The Tree and the Bird.

"Let us remember that most of the small and beautiful birds that warble among the branches of our trees are insect-eating birds, and are our most intimate and devoted friends, ever working for our interests. Let us encourage them and their friendly efforts for our good in every possible way, by planting trees for their convenience. The tree and the bird! How astonishingly beautiful these organized objects of kind nature are in their life and their work. Both of them are grand conceptions of infinite wisdom, and are worthy of our attention and careful study. Would we have birds to cheer and to bless us, let us plant liberally the trees they love."

LEAVES.

Child—

Little leaves, we children say,
Welcome, welcome, this spring day.
Where were you through winter drear?
Whisper us, we long to hear.

Leaves—

In tender buds on branches swinging,
We've waited while the days were bringing
The sun and wind to burst the brown,
And send us forth in soft green gown.

Child—

Pretty leaves, we long to know,
How it is you larger grow,
Does the tree for you provide
Daily food and drink beside?

Leaves—

Long months ago, while we were sleeping,
Our Father Tree, in his safe keeping,
In trunk, and roots, and bark, and wood,
Placed all we need for drink and food.

Child—

Tell us, please, of every kind
Of pretty leaves that we may find.

Leaves—

Upon the stem in different places,
You'll find us hanging; some with faces
Unto each as in the maple; whorled, some;
Alternate, others, as in the plum.





And, then, you see, in form we vary ;
 With saw-teeth, these—elm, apple, cherry,
 Maple and oak have edges lobed.
 The willow is in straight lines robed.

Child—

Will you spend each summer day,
 Little leaves, in work, or play ?

Leaves—

Within our cells the air comes tingling,
 The sap and moisture with it mingling ;
 Through these, we toil the tree to nourish,
 And, thus, you see it grow and flourish.

Our shade is sought by people weary ;
 And nests for birds so sweet and cheery,
 Are often in our clusters hidden,
 So none may enter unless bidden.

The wind and sun among us glancing,
 Each tiny leaflet starts to dancing ;
 We ride, and swing, and leap, and flutter,
 And each one seeks its joy to utter.

Child—

Where do you go when the summer's gone,
 And the wintry days are coming on ?

Leaves—

Our robes of green grow red, and yellow,
 And gray, and brown, and soft hues mellow,
 Rain, frost, and wind in wildest glee,
 Whirl us far away from our Father Tree.

—*Jennie Keigh.*

Only a Leaf.

It was only a little leaf ;
 But on it did shine the sun,
 The winds did caress, the birds did sing,
 And it lived till its work was done.

It was only a little leaf ;
 But it took its gladsome part
 In the great earth's life ; and at last
 Earth clasped it to her heart.

—*Minot's Fables*—*1874.*

Maple Leaf with Fingers Five.

“ Green leaves what are you doing
 Up there on the tree so high ? ”
 “ We are shaking hands with the breezes
 As they go singing by.”

“ Why, green leaves, have you fingers ? ”
 Then the maple cried in glee :
 “ Yes, just as many as you have ;
 Count them and you will see.”

—*Kate L. Brown.*

Nature made ferns for pure leaves, to show what she could do in that line.—*Thoreau.*

The leaves of the trees afford an almost endless study and a constant delight. Frail, fragile things, easily crumpled and torn, they are wonderful in their delicate structure, and more wonderful if possible on account of the work which they perform.

They are among the most beautiful things offered to our sight. Some one has well said that the beauty of the world depends as much upon leaves as upon flowers. We think of the bright colors of flowers and are apt to forget or fail to notice the coloring of leaves. But what a picture of color, beyond anything that flowers can give us, is spread before our sight for weeks every autumn, when the leaves ripen and take on hues like those of the most gorgeous sunset skies, and the wide landscape is all aglow with them. A wise observer has called attention also to the fact that the various kinds of trees have in the early springtime also, only in a more subdued tone, the same colors which they put on in the autumn. If we notice the leaves carefully, we shall see that there is a great variety of color in them all through the year. While the prevailing color, or the body color so to speak, is green, and the general tone of the trees seen in masses is green—the most pleasant of all colors to be abidingly before the sight—this is prevented from becoming dull or somber because it comprises almost innumerable tints and shades of the self-same color, while other distinct colors are mingled with it to such an extent as to enliven the whole foliage mass. Spots of yellow, of red, of white, and of intermediate colors are dashed upon the green leaves or become the characteristic hues of entire trees, and so there is brought about an endless variety and beauty of color.—*Selected.*

WATERS.

A pleasant world for running streams
To steal unnoticed through,
At play with all the sweet sky gleams,
And nothing else to do.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

See the brooklets flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free!

Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

The brooklet came from the mountain
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver,
Over the sands of gold.

Far away in the briny ocean,
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness,
That turbulent, bitter heart.

—*Longfellow.*

South Wind.

I have freed the stream from its icy chain,
And it goes rejoicing on to the main,
Like traveler singing along the plain.

I have set the captive cataract free,
It lifts on the hills a cry of glee,
And is marching away to the distant sea.

I have broken the sleep of the frozen lake,
I have warmed its veins; it is broad awake,
Rejoicing death's slumbers away to shake.

—*Isaac McClellan.*

Brook Song.

I am a runaway, wild little runaway,
Heels over head from the fountains I go;
Like a pied-piper, in shadow and sunny way,
Making new friendships wherever I go.
Streamlets and springs babble after and hurry me.
Deaf to the mother hills calling them back;
Pell-mell, I lead them on, nothing to worry me,
Sunshine shall cheer us and storm clear the track.
Come, boy or girl, if you can, tell the source of me,
Find out the cloud whence I fell from the skies;
Ha, ha, run on with me, follow the course of me,
Look for each cataract's dimpling surprise.
Down through the glens with me, off and away with
me,

Tinkle, tinkle,
Lightly fall
On the peach-buds, pink and small;
Tip the tiny grass, and twinkle
On the willows green and tall.
Tinkle, tinkle—
Faster now,
Little raindrops, smile and sprinkle
Cherry-bloom and apple-bough !

Fields of discovery seek we to-day;
Over the rocks and rifts, leap with me, play with me,
Flashing and dashing along through the spray.
I am a runaway, bold little runaway,
Nothing to daunt me, I rollicking go,
Deep in the woodland and out in the sunny way,
Singing forever the one song I know.
Share my glad company, think to delay me not;
Keep step and learn a bright ditty of me;
Trouble shall stay me not, pebbles dismay me not,
Laughing and chaffing I run to the sea.

Frank Walcott Hyatt.

A Rain Song.

Tinkle, tinkle,
Lightly fall
On the peach-buds, pink and small;
Tip the tiny grass, and twinkle
On the willows green and tall.
Tinkle, tinkle—
Faster now,
Little raindrops, smile and sprinkle
Cherry-bloom and apple-bough !

Pelt the elms, and show them how
You can dash !
And splash ! splash ! splash !
While the thunder rolls and mutters, and the lightnings flash and flash !
Then eddy into curls
Of a million misty swirls,
And thread the air with silver, and embroider it with
pearls ! — *Selected.*

Little Gray Cloudlet.

"Little gray cloudlet up in the sky,
What do you find to do—
Sailing away o'er the earth so high,
Almost lost in the blue?"

"I may look small," replied the cloud,
"But maybe I'll come again,
And then you'll know what I find to do,
When I freshen the earth with rain."

—Selected.

A Song of Rain.

The cuckoo scurries to and fro;
From green to white the maples blow : —
The longed-for rain is coming !
Set every tub beneath its spout,
For there'll be little stirring out
When all the roofs are drumming.
Forth creeps the thirsty, wrinkled toad ;
The dust goes whirling down the road ;
The slender birches shiver.
Uncertain little flurries break
The glassy surface of the lake,
And send across the river.

Now darker grows the drifting sky,
And robin, with a startled cry,
Wheels round his roofless dwelling.
The trees begin to toss and lash ;
Far off, there gleams a forked flash,
Followed by thunder's swelling.
Hark ! 'tis the rustle of the drops
Among the tossing maple-tops—
The first cool dash and patter.
The air grows wondrous soft and sweet
With smell of woods and grass and wheat,
And marshes all a-spatter !

Now thunders down the mighty flood,
That turns the dusty road to mud,
And sets the eaves to spouting.
Hurrah ! the silver ranks have come,
With tempest-fife and thunder-drum,
And swollen torrents shouting !

—James Buckingham.

What are you doing, white little cloud,
Up in the heavens, sailing so proud?

Helping my brothers, here in the blue,
Hide the hot sunshine, baby, from you.

Where are you going, flying so slow,
White cloud so lazy ; I'd like to know ?

Gathering raindrops out of the air,
For the poor flowers, dying down there.

When will you scatter some of the showers,
You have been saving, down to the flowers ?

Where the Lord sends me, always I roam,
When the Lord bids me, baby, I'll come.

—*Selected.*

WILD FLOWERS.

How Do They Know?

How do they know
When they should grow ?

Soft blades of grass and buds of the trees,
It seems all too cold for such frail lives as these ;
Yet peeping and pushing up out of the ground
We see tiny grass blades on all sides around,
And strung along every bare twig, how they grow, —
The tree buds so late hidden under the snow !
We feel no breath of the south wind pass,
Bud of the trees and soft blades of grass,

How do they know
When they should grow ?

—*Selected.*

Calling Them Up.

“ Shall I call them up, —
Snowdrop, daisy, buttercup ? ”

Lisp'd the rain ; “ they 've had a pleasant nap.”
Lightly to their doors it crept,
Listened while they soundly slept ;
Gently woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap !
Quickly woke them with rap-a-tapa-tap !

Soon their windows opened wide, —
Everything astir inside ;
Shining heads came peeping out in frill and cap ;
“ It was kind of you, dear rain,”
Laughed they all, “ to come again !
We were waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap !
Only waiting for your rap-a-tapa-tap ! ”

—*George Cooper.*

Mother Earth.

[*A concert recitation for six little girls.*]

All.

Old Mother Earth woke up from sleep,
And found she was cold and bare ;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear !
“ Alas ! ” she sighed with great dismay,
“ Oh, where shall I get my clothes ;
There's not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows.”

Grass.

“ I'll make you a dress,” said the springing grass,
Just looking above the ground,
“ A dress of green, of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around.”

Dandelion.

“ And we,” said the dandelions gay,
“ Will dot it with yellow, bright ; ”

For-get-me-not.

“ I'll make it a fringe,” said for-get-me-not,
“ Of blue, very soft and light ; ”

Violet.

“ We'll embroider the front,” said the violets,
“ With a lovely purple hue ; ”

Rose.

“ And we,” said the roses, “ will make you a
crown,
Of red, jewelled over with dew.”

Golden-drops.

“ And we'll be your gems,” said a voice from the
shade,
Where the ladies'-eardrops live—
“ Orange is a color for any queen,
And the best that we have to give.”

All.

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay ;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely to-day.

—*Long.*

Spring Flowers.

When Spring came into the garden
Her holiday-time to keep,
She walked about in the dawning,
And found the flowers asleep.

At first she wakened the snowdrops
And washed their faces with rain,
And then she fed them with sunlight,
And gave them white frocks again.

Into the violets' eyes she looked,
And spoke till she made them hear.
"What are you dreaming now?" she said.
They answered, "That Spring is here."

—*Selected.*

It is with tassels that Nature opens the year. She loves to border her streams with them ; to hang them from lofty trees ; to place them trembling on the wayside shrub. They are her idea of loveliness. In looking at alder or birch in full tassel, we cannot wonder that the Greeks endowed their trees with human attributes. To us, even, there is something personal. It is in their favor, too, that children love them.—*W. W. Bailey.*

Catkins.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over ;
And on mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen ;
Every little stream is bright ;
All the orchard trees are white.

—*Mary Howitt.*

Snowdrops.

In snowdrops, well I ween,
A loving cup is seen,
A pledge between soft Spring
And the frost-bearded King ;
For see ! the chalice shows
White as the Winter's snows,
Save, here, brim-stains of green ;
'Tis plain what these should mean,
So many times the lip
Of Spring did touch and sip.

—*Edith Thomas.*

Oh, the violets ! sweet, wild violets !

Stealing their blue from the heaven above,
Wafting their fragrance o'er meadow and woodland,
Giving so gently their message of love.

—*Selected.*

'Twas April. In the green, moist meadows,
The cowslips spread their golden shields ;
And light clouds fling their showers and shadows,
Upon the broad old English fields.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

The crocuses next she summoned,—
In purple stripes and yellow,—
And she made the south wind shake them
Till each one kissed his fellow.

The sleeping daffodils heard her,
And nodded low as she passed :
Each blossom dropped like a pennon
Hung out from a tall green mast.

—*Selected.*

The Crocus.

By the light of a glow-worm's friendly spark
She softly crept up the stairway dark,
Out through the portal of frozen mold
Into the wide world, bleak and cold ;
But somehow a sunbeam found the place
Where the snow made room for her lifted face.

—*M. E. Bridges.*

Lady Daffodil.

The dainty Lady Daffodil
Hath donned her yellow gown,
And on her fair and sunny head
Sparkles her golden crown.

Her tall, green leaves, like sentinels,
Surround my lady's throne,
And graciously in happy state,
She reigns a queen alone.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

The Voice of the Grass.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere,
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming ;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere,
More welcome than the flowers,
In summer's pleasant hours,
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

—*Sarah Roberts.*

Anemone.

Little Anemone,
So frail and so fair,
Blooming so brave,
In the cold spring air.

Sweet little messenger,
Hastening to tell
Summer is coming
And all will be well.

Out of the darkness,
Springing to life,
So brave and so tiny
In this great world of strife. —*Selected*

A Flower Elf.

Deep in the woods lives a fair, flower elf;
Smiling she stands all alone by herself;
Three satin plaits form her bonnet so neat;
Three ribbon bows hide the shoes on her feet;
Silky her gown, as a humming-bird's wing;
This is Hepatica,—child of the spring.

—*Poetry of Flowers and Leaves*.

Apple blossoms, budding, blowing,
In the soft May air;
Cups with sunshine overflowing,
Flakes of fragrance, drifting, snowing,
Showering every where. —*Selected*

GROWTH OF FLOWERS FROM SEED.

How It Came.

A tiny shoot peeped out of the ground
And opened wide as it gazed around;

Stretching its dainty leaflets bright
Up — up — up to the sweet sunlight;

Reaching sideways, that way — this —
To catch the earliest zephyr's kiss;

Climbing higher in balmy air
To meet the raindrops glistening there;

Spreading its wavy branches wide
Till song-birds came their nests to hide;

And children gather in joyous glee
In the shade of the old oak tree.

All because of a hand, they say,
That planted a seed one summer's day.

—*Sydney Dobson*.

The Mystery of the Seed.

Children dear, can you read
The mystery of the seed,
The little seed, that will not remain
In earth, but rises in fruit and grain?

A mystery, passing strange,
Is the seed in its wondrous change;
Forest and flower in its husk concealed,
And the golden wealth of the harvest field

Ever, around and above,
Works the Invisible Love;
It lives in the heavens and under the land;
In blossom and sheath and the reaper's hand

Sower, you surely know
That the harvest never will grow,
Except for the Angels of Sun and Rain,
Who water and ripen the springing grain!

—*Lucy Larcom*.

Seeds are scattered in many ways. Birds help to carry them. Animals sometimes carry seeds about in their hair and drop them here and there. The burrs are seed holders. Have you ever thought that when you pick them off and throw them away you are scattering seeds? The down of the thistle, milkweed, and dandelion seeds makes little fluffy balloons. The wind takes these balloons on long journeys. There are seeds that roll when they fall, and some that are carried from their homes by water. The seeds of the maple, elm, pine, fir, and ash have wings. We have often seen them flying through the air. The wind helps to scatter these, and often carries them far from where they grew. — *Selected*.

Winged Seeds.

Oh, gold-green wings, and bronze-green wings,
And rose-tinged wings, that down the breeze?
Come sailing from the maple trees!
You showering things, you shimmering things,
That June-time always brings!
Oh, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The shade of lovely trees to spread?
Or shining angels that had birth
When kindly words were said?

Oh, downy dandelion-wings,
Wild-floating wings, like silver spun,
That dance and glisten in the sun!
You airy things, you elfin things,
That June-time always brings!
Oh, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The light of laughing flowers to spread?
Or flitting fairies that had birth
When merry words were said?

—*Selected*

TREES.

Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide
Boldly the storms and wind defy,
Not long ago an acorn small
Lay dormant 'neath a summer sky.

—*Selected.*

A tree never grew to be a tree in a single night; first it was a seed, then a tender sprout, then a weak sapling, and at last a strong tree. So will your minds grow if you have patience to train them properly.—*Beecher.*

Trees in Their Leafless State.

As the season for Arbor Day and tree-planting comes on, just before the buds begin to swell and are getting ready to cover the trees with a fresh mantle of leaves, it is well—as it is also when the leaves have fallen from the trees in autumn—to give attention to the bare trees and notice the characteristic forms of the various species, the manner in which their branches are developed and arranged among themselves; for a knowledge of these things will often enable one to distinguish the different kinds of trees more readily and certainly than by any other means. The foliage often serves as an obscuring veil, concealing, in part at least, the individuality and the peculiarities of the trees. But if one is familiar with their forms of growth, their skeleton anatomy so to speak, he will recognize common trees at once with only a partial view of them.

Some trees, as the oak, throw their limbs out from the trunk horizontally. As Dr. Holmes says: “The others shirk the work of resisting gravity, the oak defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs so that their whole weight may tell, and then stretches them out fifty or sixty feet so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting.” Some trees have limbs which droop toward the ground, while those of most, perhaps, have an upward tendency, and others still have an upward direction at first and later in their growth a downward inclination, as in the case of the elm, the birch, and the willows. Some, like the oak, have comparatively few, but large and strong, branches, while others have many and slender limbs, like many of the birches and poplars.—*Selected.*

The Tree.

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrdden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need
their love.

—*Jones Very.*

The Trees.

Time is never wasted listening to the trees;
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,
Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Bending down to meet you on the hillside path,
Birch and oak and maple each his welcome hath;
Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word,
By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood;
This one helps you climbing; that for rest is good;
Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are;
Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Plant Trees.

We plant the pine and fir tree,
And all that wear green branches,
To give us hope of spring-time,
Though snows are over all;
The maple is for bird-songs,
The elm for stately branches,
Whose long, protecting shadows
Through summer noontides fall.

—*Lillian E. Knapp.*

Pine Needles.

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines.

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs,
And thimbles made of dew.

—*Wm. H. Hayne.*

The Maple.

The Maple puts her corals on in May,
While loitering frosts about the lowlands cling,
To be in tune with what the robins sing,
Plastering new log-huts 'mid her branches gray;

But when the autumn southward turns away,
Then in her veins burns most the blood of Spring,
And every leaf, intensely blossoming,
Makes the year's sunset pale the set of day.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

“A tree is a deposit in the Bank of Nature which she repays in the future a thousand fold.”

The Weather Proverbs.

If the Oak is out before the Ash,
T'will be a summer of wet and splash;
But if the Ash is out before the Oak,
T'will be a summer of fire and smoke.

When the Hawthorne bloom too early shows,
We shall have still many snows.

When the Oak puts on his goslings gray,
Tis time to sow barley, night or day.

When Elm leaves are big as a shilling,
Plant kidney beans if you are willing;
When Elm leaves are big as a penny,
You *must* plant kidney beans if you wish to have any.

—*Selected.*

The State Flower.

They have asked me to vote for a Rhode Island flower,—
Now which will it be I wonder!
To settle the question is out of my power;
But I'd rather not make a blunder.

And I love the Mayflower best,—in May,—
Smiling up from its snow-drift cover,
With its breath that is sweet as a kiss, to say
That the reign of winter is over.

And I love the Golden-rod, too,—for its gold;
And because through autumn it lingers,
And offers more wealth than his hands can hold
To the grasp of the poor man's fingers.

I should like to vote for them both, if I might;
But I do not feel positive whether
The flowers themselves would be neighborly quite;—
Pink and yellow don't go together.

O yes, but they do!—in the breezy wild rose,
The darlingest daughter of summer,
Whose heart with the sun's yellow gold overflows,
And whose blushes so well become her.

Instead of one flower, I will vote for the three:
The Mayflowers know I mean them;
And the Golden-rod surely my choice will be,—
With the sweetbrier rose between them.

You see I'm impartial. I've no way but this:
My vote, with a rhyme and a reason,
For the Mayflower, the Wild Rose, and Golden-rod
is;—
A blossom for every season.

—*Lucy Larcom. (Adapted.)*

The Buttercup.

I am the buttercup, shining like gold;
With a smile for the young, and a smile for the old,
I grow in the sunshine, and grow in the shade;
I'm the cheeriest flower that ever was made.
When the little ones find me they dance with delight,
As they fill up their aprons with buttercups bright;
"Now see who loves butter!" they shouting begin,
As they hold me up under each lily-white chin.

—*Sylvia's Poem*.

The Daisy.

Clear and simple in white and gold,
Meadow blossoms of sunlit spaces,—
The field is full as it well can hold,
And white with the drift of ox-eye daisies.

—*Don't Read Good*.

The Lily.

Regal lilies, many petals,
Like the curling drifts of snow;
With their crown of golden anthers,
Poised on malachite below.

—*Poetry of Flowerland*.

The Pansy.

If pansies, with their dark, impassioned faces,
Had but been given the power of human speech,
What is the lesson that, from lonely places,
Each tender, fragrant voice to us would teach?

Perchance, in tones like tinkling dewdrops sighing,
What their lives tell, their velvet lips would say:
"Forget life's trials that are round thee lying,
And be the brightest in the darkest day."

—*Sylvia's Poem*.

The Pink.

Who does not love this lovely flower?
Dainty pink, with feathered petals,
Tinted, curled, and deeply frayed;
With its calyx heart half broken,
On its leaves uplifted laid.

—*Poetry of Flowerland*.

The Violet.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eve;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

—*Winn's Poem*.

The Water Lily.

White water lily, cradled and caressed
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds
Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds,
Thy sun-illumined spires, thy crown and crest.

—*Longfellow*.

The Tree Planter.

We are building for the future;
Every loyal youth and lad
In his May-time seed or sapling
Founds a dwelling green and glad,
Where the song birds of the morning
Round their cradle-homes will play,
And the rain will store its treasure
For the streams that wear away.

—*Sylvia's Poem*.

SONGS.

HYMN.

WILLIAMS.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.



2. Praise the Lord when blushing morn - ing Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew,
Praise the Lord, and may his bless - ing Guide us in the way of truth,
Praise the Lord when ear - ly breez - es Come so fragrant from the flowers,



Praise him when re - vived cre - a - tion Beams with beau - ties fair and new,
Keep our feet from paths of er - ror, Make us ho - ly in our youth.
Praise, thou wil - low by the brook - side, Praise, ye birds among the bow - ers.

From "The Morning Hour."

SUMMER DAYS ARE COMING.

VACATION.

Lively.

Arr. from BELLINI.



1. Sum - mer days once more are com - ing, Fragrance fills the balm - y air;



Birds are sing - ing, in - sects hum - ming, Groves are ring - ing ev - ery - where.
D. S. Spring, with view - less fingers ten - der, Paints the blos - soms red and white.

Fine.



Tinged with sunshine's ra - diant splen - dor, Fleecy clouds are gold - en bright.
D. S.

2. Heavenly love creation blesses,
Nature owns its thrilling kiss;
All that lives feels confesses
Gratefully this hour of bliss.

New-born life its hymn is raising
On the mead and in the grove;
Shall not we, too, join in praising
Nature's God, the God of Love?

From "The Morning Hour."

SPRING.

J. H. KISSINGER.



The brooks are running swift and clear, The grass is newly green ; And on the budding trees and shrubs, The singing birds are seen.
 And when she skips across the fields, O'er moss and rich brown sod, A mist of fragrance fills the air, Like incense burnt to God.
 And when she sleeps beneath the stars, Borne on the ev'ning breeze, The languid sweetness of her breath comes sighing thro' the trees,



Stern winter's reign is at an end ; And in fresh verdure clad, Bright spring is dancing in our midst, To make our hearts feel glad.
 And when she laughs in merry mood, Her silver tones awake A glad response from all the birds, Nest building in the brake.
 And gleaming o'er their pebbly beds, The rivers gently flow, Forgotten are the winds of March, December's drifted snow.

From "Song Prize."

PRETTY LITTLE BLUEBIRD.

From the GERMAN.



1. Pretty little bluebird, singing in the trees,	Tell me, tell me, tell me, if you please,
2. Merry little maiden, if you will but wake,	Early, ear - ly, when the day's at break,
3. Pretty little bluebird, tell me now I pray,	Tell me, tell me, 'fore you fly away,
4. Merry little maiden, up above the sky,	Some one, some one, watches from on high;



How you keep your dress so tid - y and so new,
 When the bonnie dewdrop nestles in the rose,
 Who it is that taught you, taught you how to sing,
 If it is'nt he that taught me how so well.

Tell me, tell me, little bird of blue.
 Then you'll find us washing out our clothes,
 Tell me, tell me, 'fore you're on the wing,
 Surely, surely, I can never tell.

From "Arbor Day Manual."

WHAT THE LITTLE THINGS SAID.

O. B. BROWN



1. "I'll lie me down to yonder bank," A little raindrop said, "And try to cheer that lonely flower, And cool its mossy bed."
2. "I may not linger," said the brook, "But ripple on my way, And help the rills and rivers all To make the ocean spray."
3. If little things that God has made Are useful in their kind, Oh! let us learn a simple truth, And bear it in our mind.



Perhaps the breeze will chide me, Because I am so small; But, surely, I must do my best, For God has work for all." "And I must haste to labor," replied the busy bee, "The summer days are long and bright, And God has work for all That every child can praise Him, However weak and small; Let each with joy remember this,—The Lord has work for all."

From "The Coda."

IN THE EARLY SPRING-TIME.

MYER



1. In the early spring-time When the violets grow, When the birds sing sweetly, And the soft winds blow,
2. Sunny little blossoms On their slender stalk, How much they would teach us, If they could but talk;



Comes a little Daisy, Blowing fresh and fair, Springing bright and joyous From its mountain bair. Ever looking upward, All the livelong day, Bright their faces turn to Catch each sunbeam's ray.

From "Song Prize."

SOWING FLOWERS.



1. Lit - tle seed now must thou go To thy still, cold bed be - low; Do as thou art bid - den:
 2. Couldst thou know what 'tis I do, And couldst tell thy sorrows too, This were thy com - plaining:
 3. But take courage, lit - tle seed; Though thou liest here indeed, Gentle slum - ber tak - ing.



Now the earth must cover thee, And no eye shall ev - er see Where thou li - est hid - den,
 "Ne'er shall I the sun behold, In this grave so dark and cold! Ah! my life is wan - ing!"
 Yet thou'l soon in up - per air As a flow - er bloom so fair, To new life a wak - ing!

WELCOME TO THE FOREST.



1. When summer sun op - presses, And burns with raging heat, The forest's dark re -
 2. To taste the grateful shadows, Each nodding bough doth call, Each blossom on the



cesses Af - ford a cool re - treat, Af - ford a cool re - treat,
 mead - ows Bids welcome, wel - come all, Bids wel - come, wel - come all.

et cetera.

LOVELY MAY.

Air, "Lightly Row."

Lovely May, lovely May,
 Decks the world with blossoms gay:
 "Come ye all, come ye all,"
 Thus the flowers call.
 Sparkles now the sunny date,
 Fragrant is the flowery vale;
 Song of bird, song of bird,
 In the grove is heard.

Lightly pass, lightly pass,
 Thro' the nodding meadow grass,
 Woodlands bright, woodlands bright,
 Wake from winter's night.
 Where the silver brooklet flows,
 Rippling softly as it goes,
 Will we rest, will we rest,
 In green mossy nest.

From "Arbor Day Manual."

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